

THE ALUMNÆ NEWS

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It gives me pleasure to state that your President has been placed on the Mayor's Committee of the Municipal Art Center. Any suggestions that you may offer will be gladly received by me, and in turn I will place them before the chairman, Mrs. Henry Breckinridge.

I am sure we all want to help in furthering this work which has been conceived with so great a vision, even if it takes years to fulfill it. I count on your coöperation, which has never failed me.

One of the most beautiful gestures was that made by the Student Self-Government Association at the celebration of the College Birthday, in Chapel on Wednesday, Feb. 13th. They tendered their gift, not to the College, but to the Associate Alumnae, and asked that their check be used for the unemployed. With very full hearts we thank them, and voice our appreciation of the beauty of their thought.

IRENE B. GRAFF, President.

THE ANNUAL BREAKFAST

Birthdays, in spite of opinion to the contrary, have at least one advantage! They are a convenient annual springboard from which we can take a refreshing backward look into the past before launching ourselves into the perplexities of a new year. There is always something nostalgic in that backward glance, but there is also something heartening in it that gives strength for the plunge into the future. At the Annual Breakfast of the Associate Alumnae on Lincoln's Birthday, that sense of gathering courage from the solid, substantial achievements of sixty-five long, busy, successful years to meet the problems of to-day was almost tangible. It wasn't just an assemblage of 800 graduates to eat a meal and discuss the news; it wasn't just a chance to meet old friends; it was a gathering of 800 women, adult and thoughtful citizens, who were feeling, down beneath the laughter and the light chatter, the urgent need to give to the young people who are now facing a hostile world in which they seem to have no place the support of their experience and their wisdom.

"Viewing with alarm" has long been a favorite and often unnecessary pastime, but the plight of the rising generation has passed the "viewing" stage. It is alarming.

Mayor LaGuardia, the guest of honor, recognized its seriousness when he said that the young people of to-day have little to look forward to besides the heritage we have left them of world war and world-wide depression. No longer can we blithely assure them, in flowery commencement speeches,

that the world is theirs. This is certainly not the time, the mayor asserted, to handicap them further by depriving them of opportunities for advanced education and cultural development. It is not the time to cut down on the activities of the colleges which the city maintains, but to extend them.

President Colligan laid further emphasis on this besetting problem. He urged the Associate Alumnae to come to the rescue of their younger "sisters" in the drive "to create a future for youth", to support wholeheartedly the threefold program of educational, vocational, and social guidance which Hunter College is endeavoring to work out. The support, he said, should be active and, whenever possible, tangible, in the shape of actual job opportunities for the young graduates who are being seriously handicapped by the present unfortunate prolongation of their "infancy in education".

Mrs. Henry Breckinridge, chairman of the Municipal Art Committee, in outlining the plans for an art center in New York City, of which the Mayor had also spoken, sounded the same note—the youth problem and ways of meeting it. One of the ways, it is hoped, will be the proposed art center, offering a chance for development and expression to those whose talents lie in the direction of music, art, and the drama (including the dance). The Municipal Art Committee is looking to such organizations as the Associate Alumnae for intelligent support of its program.

But enough of seriousness! The Breakfast, in spite of the reiterated note of earnestness underlying the celebration, was a joyous affair. We talked and we ate and we visited. We goggled at the celebrities. We experienced a thrill when the huge birthday cake with its sixty-five lavender candles, a gift from the Alumnae Committee of the Lenox Hill Settlement, was carried through the room, followed by four little girls from the Settlement who sang "Happy Birthday to You." We enjoyed seeing Miss Mary Wells, first teacher at the Lenox Hill Kindergarten, cut the cake. We enjoyed the cake! We applauded the Class of 1910 which brought its silver anniversary greetings in the very substantial form of 100% membership in the Associate Alumnae, and the Golden Anniversary Class of 1885 which is sponsoring a Helen Gray Cone Scholarship. It was Helen Gray Cone's *Valentine*, beautifully read by Miss Marguerite Jones, that fittingly crowned the birthday feast.

And so we came away, fortified by the hour or two of pleasant remembrance and ready to tussle more understandingly with that knotty modern problem—youth to-day.

ELSIE HOERTEL PARRY.

IN MEMORIAM
HELEN GRAY CONE

Born March 8, 1859

And is she silent, she whose life was song?
Are those eyes darkened, that quick, shining
smile

Effaced forever? No—we could not wrong
Her spirit by the thought. A little while
Her visible self eludes us, but we know
That even now and here

She is radiantly near.

From earth to heaven she had not far to go,
Only across the threshold low between
The seen and the unseen.

Along the dustiest roads of life, her walk
Was with immortals, and in all her talk
We heard eternal overtones ring clear.

Death meant for her no dislocating change,
Only the quiet opening of a door

On a fair company, not new nor strange
But comrades she had known and loved be-
fore.

She saw great Shakespeare rise
With deeply smiling eyes

To greet the friend who understood his heart.

Wordsworth led her from the rest apart

To show her daffodils. Shy Emily

Hailed her a playmate in her games divine,

One like herself in gallant gayety,

Keen to discern the subtle starry shine

Of elfin loveliness in common things,

Who, like herself, walked with a lilt of wings.

Great poets wise and gracious, fine and
strong,

Welcome her home—and not the great alone.

Around her still must be that needy throng

To whom, in the dear way that we have
known,

Beauty and understanding she imparts

So that the little singers may be fed

In spirit, and the breaking of that bread

Empowers hungry, inarticulate hearts

Who have no words, but know that she can
read

The poem of a deed.

Not as a singer only was she great.

She could do more than sing—she could
create

The singing soul in others. Therefore now

To her in reverence the Great Ones bow.

She could not be contented with a lyre

Self-smitten—more divine was her desire,—

A harp of myriad strings, that she held high

For God's own breath to quicken constantly.

Great poet,—yes; but that is not the end.

She was a greater friend.

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.